



## When Lyle Made Over Mother

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

CHAPTER I.



"O HELEN, hurry and congratulate me!" cried Lyle Marvin that bright May morning as she met her neighbor and dearest friend at the usual corner.

"Something extra special happened?" inquired Helen, breezily. "Have you dug up any hidden treasure, or discovered a brand-new bird? Or," her tone grew more earnest and eager, "has the Milburn contest been decided?"

Lyle shook her head; then as the two chums linked arms and strolled down the shady avenue toward "South High" she continued: "I won't even let myself think of the judges' decision. Though I did my level best on that little scribble!"

"Little scribble!" echoed Helen, indignantly. "Why, your 'Bird Friends of Mine' was perfectly fascinating! I've been puffed up ever since to think I was privileged to know a nature girl like you, and then those lovely sketches you made to go with your essay!" Enthusiastically she prophesied, "Some day, Lyle Marvin, you'll be another wonderful Bird Woman like the one of the Lumberlost!"

Lyle protested, for she was very modest with her unusual gift, and declared she deserved little credit for simply doing things she enjoyed so thoroughly. "If through supreme good fortune I win that twenty-dollar gold piece," she told her loyal comrade, "I'll be fifty per cent. richer than I am now. You sidetracked me and haven't heard my news. Now I'll tell it." Here she paused teasingly in order to increase Helen's growing impatience.

"You've heard me speak of Great-aunt Matilda in Vermont?"

Helen dimpled. "Of course. The story-book sort who lives alone except for a faithful Job-like retainer. She sends annual checks, or presents you never have any possible use for!"

"But this time," interrupted Lyle, gaily, "the dear old soul was a real fairy god-mother. Think of having forty dollars to spend exactly as I please! Father says," here she bubbled over, "that she must be growing childish or extravagant. She always was absent-minded. Here I have a perfectly satisfactory August birthday thrust upon me in May. Aunt Matilda said she never could remember whether

I was born in April or October, but she thought this was as good a time for a birthday as any. Oh, she is the quaintest thing!"

Helen squeezed Lyle's arm impulsively. "Oh, honey, now you can blossom out with the posies! We have ten minutes yet. Let's stop and have another peep at that pinky-rosy hat you loved at first sight in Osborne's window."

"Mind reader!" accused Lyle, laughingly. "Just what I was going to suggest. You know I haven't had a new hat for what Ring Lardner calls 'an egg's age!' It's been an old shape, or old material, or both, and, not being a born modiste, my hats have looked it!"

They stopped to rhapsodize over the dainty creation that had filled Lyle's beauty-loving mind for days past. It *wasn't* sold and it was quite as exquisite as it had appealed to her the first time.

"It looks like strawberries and ice-cream," declared prosaic Helen. "That pink that shades into rose would be simply perfect on your dark hair, Lyle. You would be a real June rose in it."

"Isn't that petal crown the prettiest idea?" Lyle was murmuring. "Dare we ask the price?" fearfully.

"We dare. Might as well get one shock over before proceeding to the next!" This last sounded rather gloomy, as Helen was looking forward to a Latin test with about as keen a relish as the tower prisoners of old anticipated meeting the executioner. In she popped, to emerge shortly with the brief information, quoted drolly, "Only ten dollars, dearie, and worth twice that." The salesgirl said so.

"Oh, dear me!" gasped Lyle. "I'd be a reckless wretch to consider it another minute. Why, I'm planning a whole new summer outfit, Helen. A pretty voile, a hat, white pumps, and silk stockings! Cousin Milly has promised to help mother, and she has some surprising artistic ideas if she is as talkative as a clam. Cousin Edith graduates from the University next month, you know, and I'm to stay at the sorority house with her and share all the fun. It will be the reddest-letter event of my whole career."

"Besides, you'll be up with the chickens, and out on that wonderful campus, stalk-

ing the birds with a field-glass!" giggled Helen, knowingly, and Lyle refused to deny it.

For some reason the contest decision was delayed, and Lyle was so occupied with her lessons and planning her new clothes that she resolutely put all memory of her bird essay out of her thoughts. Her mother, through long experience, was an adept at making one dollar travel farther than most women expect three to go. She was not very robust, but her native energy and ambition had worked wonders with their slender income. Lyle's father was only a junior member of a more successful brother's business concern. There were two other children,—one older than Lyle and one younger. Jim was a freshman in the state university, while Teddy was a chubby kewpie-ish youngster of kindergarten age.

Mother Marvin had early learned what all good mothers learn and practice silently and willingly,—the gentle art of self-sacrifice. Subconsciously Lyle knew that her mother had been one of the most popular girls in her college set; that she was an excellent pianist in her girlhood, and had shown unusual literary talent in school. She was still called upon for talks and frequent papers by the club to which she belonged. Her practice had long ago been given up, though she could accompany as no girl of Lyle's crowd could, for the "round-the-piano sings" Lyle's friends enjoyed occasionally in the shabby but homey Marvin living-room.

Only the previous night Lyle had wakened at midnight to see a light in Jim's tiny den across the hall. Startled, she tiptoed across, to find that Teddy had been restless with a sore throat, and her mother, after soothing him to rest, had found herself unable to sleep. "I suppose I had my article on Burroughs on my mind, too," she admitted, flushing as if embarrassed at having Lyle catch her writing at the rickety table, looking so girlish with her heavy braids over her shoulder.

"So you're getting it off your mind," yawned Lyle. "You'll be tired to-morrow," she warned, preparing to resume her slumber.

"It's worth it," declared her mother, with an eager expression in her soft blue eyes. "Daytime is so full of things that have to be done," she murmured half to herself, "but I can't give up this work that keeps me young and refreshed mentally, so I'll do it at night when I'm not neglecting other tasks." She looked appealing, and her voice held a new note, half-defiant, half-apologetic, so that Lyle felt vaguely disturbed.

"You're the sort that will be a young octogenarian," said Lyle, hugging the slim figure in the old red kimono.



The following afternoon Lyle came home through the garden, and believing Teddy asleep entered quietly. She supposed that Cousin Milly might be there, as her mother was to attend a committee meeting. Lyle had never felt any special interest in, or intimacy with, Cousin Milly Marvin. She appeared colorless in character against a drab background of ordinary daily life. It always seemed unaccountable to her that her mother felt so warm and sincere an affection for the mouse-like relative who in return fairly worshipped "Betty."

The swinging door between kitchen and dining-room was shut, and Lyle heard no sound as she dropped down to munch a fresh ginger cookie that tempted her after-school appetite. Suddenly her attention was attracted and riveted by her mother's voice speaking over the telephone. After the first shock of surprise Lyle realized that the other party must be "Aunt" Pen Gibson, her mother's closest old friend, and president of the club for which Mrs. Marvin was writing a paper.

"No, I couldn't get away. Teddy's throat was still hurting him," was what Lyle heard first. A brief silence, then a troubled protest, "Oh, I could never do it, Pen, dear! Never!" After that, Lyle was spellbound to the end. "Eavesdropper" she was, unconsciously, but she was thankful to plead guilty the rest of her life. Evidently Aunt Pen demanded satisfactory reasons for her friend's refusal of her request, for they followed, reluctantly, but ample enough to open Lyle's eyes to several things.

"Why, *you know* I've nothing suitable to wear to a big affair like that National Federation," her mother was explaining ruefully. "I'd make you all ashamed. Don't joke, Pen. I know 'nothing to wear' is the stock wail of femininity since Mother Eve, but it's sadly true in my case. You haven't a daughter just blossoming into young-ladyhood and needing all sorts of pretties!" Another pause. Then loyally: "Indeed, Lyle is as unselfish and thoughtful as a girl can be. No, my gray taffeta is *en route* to the scrap-bag. I can't think of a new suit, and even if I could, there would be the 'accessories' to assemble. Oh, I do appreciate the honor, Pen,—to represent our club and appear on the program. Then the pure pleasure it would be just to have a trip on the train to another city—with congenial spirits. Why, I feel exhilarated even thinking about it! But it's simply out of the question."

Evidently her solid arguments closed that subject, for after another silence she obligingly started in on a recipe for a "good cheap cake," and with flaming cheeks and fast-beating heart, Lyle fled as stealthily and about as guiltily as if she had burgled the house.

There were just two strong impulses in Lyle's mind, and these centered about two separate individuals. First she must see Aunt Pen Gibson or speak to her immediately. She would run over to Helen's to make sure not a move was made until she could carry out her second impulse, and that was to see Cousin Milly, who lived in a little boarding-house on Capitol Hill. Fortunately it was early and there was no special demand for her at home.

Even as she ran she paused long enough to make love to a vivid Western tanager that answered her low call with a rich warble, his whole friendly attitude bearing out Helen's droll affirmation that "Lyle bewitched the birds, or perhaps sprinkled some invisible magic salt on their tails!"

Very grateful at finding Helen alone, Lyle began on her career as arch conspirator, and telephoned her mother that she wanted to make some calls before supper-time. The conversation with Aunt Pen was quite satisfactory, and ended with laughter and light hearts at both ends of the line. Cousin Milly was out. The well-informed landlady thought Miss Marvin was sewing at O. Verner Lane's that afternoon. "You know Miss Eloise Lane is having a swell trousseau made!"

Lyle turned to Helen with a giggle. "That woman reads the society column faithfully," she remarked. "Cousin Milly must be working up a reputation to be sewing there. Come along, dear Damon. You and your Pythias are going to leave a love-letter pinned to Cousin Milly's cushion. For unless she lends her aid, my scheme is doomed." She sounded tragic, but cheered up over finding unexpected car tickets in her sweater pocket.

(To be continued.)

### Rain-Magic.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

THE rain makes cross-stitch on the screen,

It sews . . . and sews . . . and sews;  
And then it ravel's out again,  
And goes . . . and goes . . . and goes!

But in the puddles on the street

It does a different thing,  
Each drop that strikes the water makes  
A pirate's great ear-ring.

I've seen a tiny necklace flung  
Across the window-pane,  
The fairy, then, who owns it comes  
And takes it off again.

What we are seeing all depends  
Upon just where we are,  
And sometimes I have wondered if  
The rain could hurt a star!

### The Pickers.

A TOGGLES STORY.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

NOW the very beginning of it all was that Chris, the hired man, had a brother who lived in a big city and worked in a place where they take cows, and pigs, and sheep, just as they come from the farm, and make them into the clean, orderly pieces of meat that one sees hanging in the meat-markets. And Chris's brother and his wife had a little boy, and they had to go away on the train, and could not very well take their boy with them, so they telephoned to know if they might leave him with Chris. Chris asked grandpa, and grandpa said yes, and for three days, Martin, who was the same age as Toggles, stayed at grandpa's farm, where Toggles and his mother, and Mabel, his little sister, were spending the summer.

Toggles had never seen a boy just like Martin. He was not like Johnny, who lived on the next farm; he was not even

like any of the "fresh air" boys camped on the river; and, what was more, it did not seem to Toggles that he was a very nice boy, though of course Toggles tried to be kind to him, because in a way he was company. But after he was gone he had a good deal to tell grandpa about the way Martin had acted, and the things Martin had said.

"You know, grandpa, he said——"

Toggles whispered the word. It was not such a dreadful word, but it was one that grandpa and Toggles never used.

"He didn't say it just once, either. He said it a great many times."

"That's too bad," said grandpa.

"Yes, and he said——. I told him I didn't think that was a very nice word, but he just laughed. And he——"

But there grandma called them from the back porch.

"Father," she said (that was what she always called grandpa), "would you and Toggles just as soon go down to the garden and get some young beets for dinner? And you might get some carrots and green peas too."

Of course they were glad to do anything they could to help grandma. Each of them took a basket and walked down to the garden, but on their way and while they were filling their baskets Toggles kept on telling grandpa about Martin and the things he did and said.

"You know, grandpa, he chased the cows, chased them just for fun, and when Chris told him he mustn't, he said, 'Pooh, I don't have to mind you,' and when Chris made him stop and then turned his back and was going off, he stuck out his tongue at him. I don't think that was very nice. Do you?"

"No," answered grandpa, from the other end of the row.

"And he climbed up the windmill when Chris told him not to—only when Chris was not there. And he says in school he doesn't study at all; they whisper, and throw paper wads, and all sorts of things. Any way he *says* they do. It seems like a pretty bad thing to think about anybody but I don't know if all that he says is really true."

Toggles worked as he talked, worked so steadily he could not see what grandpa was doing, except that grandpa too was busy.

"And I think—I'm not really sure, but I *think* he threw stones at the birds. Of course, if I'd been sure, I would have told you or Chris. We couldn't let anybody do *that*, you know."

"Certainly not," said grandpa.

"And at the table—did you notice?—he just said, 'Pass the bread,' or, 'I want some more potato,' he hardly ever said, 'Please.' And—grandpa!"—Toggles straightened up and lifted his basket—"don't you think we have enough now?"

"Perhaps we have," said grandpa.

They fell into step, each swinging a basket in his right hand, and then suddenly Toggles looked down at grandpa's basket and stopped stock still.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "Why, grandpa, look at your basket!"

Grandpa looked at it, but he said nothing, and his face did not change its expression.

"Why—are you going to take *that* to the house?"

"Why not?" answered grandpa. "My basket is fuller than yours."



"But"—Toggles was used to having his grandpa do all sorts of strange things, but this seemed quite too absurd. "Why, I know— But, grandpa, what is it full of? You've got pusley, and pigweed, and chickweed, and dock—and I don't see any beets or carrots, and you haven't picked but two pods of peas and they're so dried up they aren't any good."

"Yes," grandpa admitted. And then, just as if he had happened to think of something else, "Those were pretty bad things you told me about Martin."

"Yes, grandpa, but they're really true and"—

"Well," grandpa interrupted, "that's what I think about all this basket of weeds,—they're really true, and they were all growing right there in the garden, almost in the same row where you pulled the beets and carrots."

"But you didn't need to *pick* them, grandpa."

"No," grandpa answered slowly, "and I don't suppose you needed to choose out all those bad things about Martin—there must have been *some* good ones."

Toggles' face grew grave, and grandpa went on.

"You see, in gardens people have learned to pick things that are pretty to look at, or good to smell of, or good to eat; the weeds they never think of picking. But in other places, in business, on trains, even in church sometimes, and on visits,

and among old friends, and with new people, some folks have never learned what to pick and what to leave. They choose things that are unpleasant, and bad, and disagreeable, and those are the ones they remember. It is really a very bad habit; quite as bad, I think, as picking weeds in a garden and leaving all the good things to go to seed."

"Yes," answered Toggles. He could not think, at the moment, of anything else to say.

"I suppose," grandpa went on, "that I better throw these weeds away, and while I am picking something that's good, you sit down on this empty bucket and tell me all the *good* things about Martin that you can think of."

That was what they did, and Toggles remembered that Martin was brave—he had jumped down into the hay mow from places as high as Toggles himself had jumped from; and he could swim, he could even swim under water—Toggles had seen him do it; when he had candy he had been generous with it; and then, although the farm was all new to him, he had been very quick to learn the new things—

"Really," said Toggles, "come to think of it, I believe Martin is a pretty good boy, grandpa,—only, of course, he has not had as good a chance as I have."

"Really," answered grandpa, "I believe that's about all there is to it."

you might say, Mr. Coon 'lowed if de Lord would spare him—an' He most injurially did—that he would catch frogs for himself and his famby connections."

Joel Chandler Harris was born at Eatonton, Ga., December 9, 1848, and at the age of twelve he stands in the little post-office, reading the first issue of the *Countryman*, in whose pages he finds an ad. wanting a boy to learn the printing business. He applies for the place and secures it, and so to the big plantation of two thousand acres the lad went to live, in the home of Mr. Turner, editor of the country newspaper. Typesetting came easy to the boy, and he had much spare time to spend in the big library, which was a veritable wonderland to the book-starved little boy, whose eyes always sparkled at the mention of "Vicar of Wakefield," which through his long life ever remained a favorite.

There were many slaves on the big plantation, and they grew to love the little printer-boy and to find in him a friend, and from his association and real knowledge of them later came that wealth of legendary folklore which he wove into the wise and witty sayings in which his books abound.

With the birds and squirrels he also became friends, for the printing-office was located in a large grove of oaks, and from his window he could watch the gray squirrels play hide-and-seek, and to the clicking of his type was the accompaniment of the tuneful mocking-bird and the noisy jay.

But this ideal existence came to a sudden end when Sherman went through Georgia on his famous march to the sea, bringing to the Turner plantation a corps of his army and leaving little behind them on their departure. The editor-planter set his slaves free, and the *Countryman* ceased to exist; and then we hear of the printer-lad setting type for the *Telegraph* in Macon, Ga., and a few months later he is with the *Crescent Monthly* in New Orleans, then with the *Savannah Daily News*, and in 1876 he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and his real literary efforts began.

At first he wrote sketches, but larger efforts beckoned, and he began "Legends of the Old Plantation," which appears in his first published volume, called "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," with Brer Rabbit as the hero; and here we find him "settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log, koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip," and "fingin' back some er his sass, 'Bred and brawn in a brier patch, Brer Fox; bred and brawn in a brier patch.'"

And then Joel Chandler Harris built the "Wren's Nest," which became the dearest spot on earth to him, with its garden of roses whose glorious beauty lasted from May until December, with the family of mocking-birds that always came to his garden to winter, and where in the early summer the wrens chirped over their nest. And here stories innumerable of the old plantation days were written, and here he lived the quiet, happy life he loved.

And one who has looked into the kindly eyes and seen the gracious smile of the gentle Southern woman who now lives in the home of her daughter next door to the "Wren's Nest," ceases to wonder that she made the telling of the Uncle



"WREN'S NEST"

## The Southern Philosopher.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

ON beautiful Gordon Street in the little suburb of West End, three miles from the heart of Atlanta, Ga., is the "Wren's Nest," or "Uncle Remus Home," where Joel Chandler Harris wrote the most loved and most Southern of all stories—stories brimming over with quaint humor, kindly philosophy, and real understanding of the gentle and cultured people of this section of country.

"Wren's Nest" and grounds are now owned and controlled by the Uncle Remus Association. One side of the house has been converted into a branch of the public library, the remainder of the building being kept inviolate as Mr. Harris left it, and is in charge of a caretaker. It is a typical Southern cottage, with its spacious verandas, generous hearths, and wide, sunny windows. The cozy sitting-room is filled with pictures, and statues,

and tributes from many—famous statesmen, financiers, and artists. On a table in the center of the room stands the green-painted box with "Sign of the Wren's Nest" in letters of white, made by Mr. Harris's own hands years ago, when the city delivery of mail was first known in Atlanta. But this box became so sacred to a chance pair of feathery builders that it was never used as a mere post-box again. Crooked to the mantel, just as he left it, is the homely umbrella used by the famous author, and the little old-fashioned typewriter stands open as if waiting for the magic fingers to touch the keys with other "Brer Rabbit" stories. There is the cheery hearth, where the gentle, kindly philosopher liked to sit in the early evenings with no light save that from the flickering coals which he loved to punch, and it was here that the "Torty-shell" cat purred through the winter nights, "runnin' that buzz-saw cats is got somewhere in their insides"; and there, "long to'ard the shank ob de evenin'," as





## THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

709 VARNUM STREET,  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Miss Buck,—We are having "The Gospel of Jesus" at Sunday school, with which the note-book goes that you prepared. Later on we are going to have a bird-house exhibit for which I am going to make a bird-house like those planned in *The Beacon* last Sunday.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and would like to join the club.

Yours truly,  
LAURA BRUNDAGE.

704 ARCH STREET,  
MEADVILLE, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mr. Hershey. There are six boys in the class. I have just brought in a new boy and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the pin. I am in the eighth-grade-high division at school.

Yours truly,  
RALPH HARR.

108 WENDELL AVENUE,  
SCHENECTADY, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and Dr. Caldecott is our minister. I go to the Brown school and am in the eighth grade. I am chairman of our class. I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Truly yours,  
MARJORIE HAYDEN.

Remus tales possible. Joel Chandler Harris had his reason for working in the family room, where the children's shouts would have disturbed a less simple genius. Whenever the family got too noisy he would find his desk thoughtfully moved to the attic, but after trying and trying to write in its lonely seclusion, back he would come to the sitting-room. Then a glass-enclosed porch was fitted up with every comfort that might tempt inspiration—but back he stole shyly to his old hearth, and to Mrs. Harris sitting in the lamplight.

"Trees and sunlight, and people passing down the road—these may inspire many men," he said, "but I cannot write unless I sit where I can see you playing with the children."

Under a beautiful monument in West View Cemetery sleep the mortal remains of Joel Chandler Harris, but he still lives in the hearts of those he left behind, and once a year, on a May day, along Brer Rabbit's trail, which is in the rear of the spacious grounds of the Uncle Remus Home, the children of Atlanta gather to dance about the Maypole, and to do homage to the memory of this grand old man of Southern literature, whose stories they enjoy as did their fathers and mothers in the happy long ago.

### The Pitcher Plant.

BY HARRIET IVES.

THIS unique and striking plant grows, in profusion in some of the Southern States. South Carolina has fields tall to twelve acres in extent. The plant's proper name is *Sarracenia*, and when in bloom presents a truly beautiful appearance. The flowers in this locality are nearly four inches wide, dark purple

201 MYSTIC VALLEY PARKWAY,  
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old. I love Sunday school. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school, and I would be very glad to become a member of the Beacon Club. Our teacher is Miss Kerrison; I love her very much. We have fourteen in our class. We have great fun. We color pictures about stories. We say Psalms to our superintendent, Mr. Smith. I have said the 100th Psalm and the 1st Psalm.

Yours truly,  
JANE HEATON.

We are letting Jane speak for eight other little girls in her class who have recently joined our club. Their names are Margery Bacon, Anna Danforth, Virginia Flanders, Marion Hadley, Velma Kelley, Madeleine Masters, Gertrude Perry, and Louise Purington. They all love their teacher and she writes that she has "a very enthusiastic little class."

### Exchange Letter Bureau.

Name.	Age.	Address.
Geraldine Hanson	15	126 Butler Road, Quincy, Mass.
Evelyn M. Hanson	12	126 Butler Road, Quincy, Mass.
Martha E. Weed	13	Tamworth, N.H.
Nell Little	9	Lincoln, Mass.
Richard Whiting	10	Box 25, Wilton, N.H.

in hue, and of umbrella-like shape. They appear before the leaves, or pitchers, appear.

The plant is a fatal trap to insect life. The leaves, trumpet-shaped, taper to a point at the bottom and close. The entrapped insect has no avenue of escape and always perishes. They are usually attracted to the plants by the bright red veins on the green leaves, just as moths are lured to a candle by its bright flame. The insect penetrates the plant to find a sweet juice on which it delights to feed, but its outlet is barred by innumerable bristles pointing to the entrapped insect as it tries to ascend.

This would seem very cruel, were it not a provision of nature. These traps grow where there is little nitrogen or sulphur in the soil. These elements are supplied by the life of small creatures like ants, bees, flies, and gnats, absorbing the juices of their bodies.

### This Journey.

BY ELIZABETH DIMICK.

THIS wonderful world that is spinning so fast,—

Where is it going to bring us at last?  
Sailing through space at a marvelous rate,—

What is its object, and what is its fate?  
All of the planets and suns going, too,  
I think of as friendly companions, do you?  
If every day long, through seasons that change,

We do just the best that we can at close range

To help other people, and "shine with the light,"

I know that this journey will prove safe and right.

## RECREATION CORNER

### ENIGMA LIX.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 20, 19, 6, is a young boy.  
My 14, 11, 3, is a boy's nickname.  
My 17, 5, 1, is a pest in the home.  
My 12, 8, is myself.  
My 9, 2, 13, is a girl.  
My 10, 15, 16, 17, is a period of time.  
My 7, 18, is not out.  
My 4 is a consonant.  
My whole is a well-known magazine.

H. T.

### ENIGMA LX.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 2, 3, 4, 9, is something you should have every night.  
My 1, 5, 8, is a small and very useful article.  
My 6, 7, 8, is something that men use to smoke in.

My whole is an official of this nation.

HOPE STURTEVANT.

### ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 22 letters.  
My 12, 1, 3, 6, 7, is a contest.  
My 2, 4, 10, 13, is a location.  
My 8, 9, 16, 20, 5, 22, is to ask.  
My 13, 15, 18, 3, is a direction.  
My 11, 6, 17, is a frozen fluid.  
My 14, 4, 21, is a bad deed.  
My 19 is a consonant.  
My whole is a proverb.

LOUISA HOPKINS.

### ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS.

Take two words used in bargaining, remove the first and fifth letters and leave a fertilizer; divide this word in halves and leave a vessel and what is left after a thing has been burned; remove the last letter of the vessel and leave an Italian river; remove the last letter of what is left after something has been burned, put an "s" in its place and find an animal.

JOHN HOWLAND.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LVI.—More Spring Flowers. 1. Narcissus. 2. Blood root. 3. Hepatica.

A TREE PUZZLE.—Weeping willow. Umbrella. Plum (b). Peach. Paw-paw (Papa). Pine. Dogwood. Oak (O.K.) Chestnut. Lemon. Fir. Palm.

TWISTED BIRDS.—1. Nuthatch. 2. Red-winged Blackbird. 3. Grackle. 4. Cowbird. 5. Warbler. 6. Barn Swallow. 7. Yellow-breasted Chat. 8. Goldfinch. 9. Kingfisher. 10. Boblink.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Harriett Folger, Nantucket, Mass., and from Kathleen Ferris, Vancouver, B.C.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

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